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the SEMI



connecting the campus
creating dialogue



KARAOKE AND COFFEE IN SKID ROW

By Drew Dyck

The term "Homeless Ministry" makes us think of charitable outreaches—soup kitchens, shelters and food banks. We envision a ministry performing a service for the homeless. Rarely do we imagine a ministry reversing the exchange, allowing the homeless to do something for us. Yet one L.A. area ministry does just that.

Every Thursday night at 7 pm Central City Outreach (a ministry of Central City Church of the Nazarene) hosts a Karaoke and Coffee Night in the heart of L.A.'s notorious Skid Row. The church opens its doors and stage, turns on a karaoke machine and invites denizens of the street to be the stars. The event has become a community staple. Around 300 attend weekly and 700 cups of coffee are served. Recently I had a chance to catch the show.

Though I arrive thirty minutes early a line already stretches from the front door of the church and wraps around the side of the building. It looks as though people are waiting to see a hot-ticket concert. But this definitely isn't your average setting for a show.

L.A.'s Skid Row is the nation's largest service-dependent ghetto. In this forgotten

sector of the city live some 20,000 homeless people. Buildings that are not used as service centers are abandoned and boarded. Garbage drifts through the streets. Bodies blanket the sidewalks. Some sleep, others stare blankly, seemingly oblivious to the incessant wail of sirens.

As I drive in through the dismal sur-

roundings, it's difficult to believe I'm still in the United States—harder still to remember that only minutes away are the bright lights of Hollywood and some of the most expensive shopping in the world. But the concentration of homelessness is no accident. "They just dump them there," a friend told me. Recently, security cameras surrounding the Union Rescue Mission caught an elderly woman in a hospital gown being dropped off in Skid Row.

Once inside the church, the grim reality beyond the walls seems worlds away. Inside the sanctuary (more an over-sized room than a sanctuary) the excitement is tangible. Participants line up to take the stage. They greet each other warmly with hugs and slaps on the back.

The night opens with a short sermon. "No matter how many times you've blown it, God loves you. You can always start over again," shouts Tony, a barrel-chested Pastor with bright eyes. Tony talks about grace and plugs some of the ministry's programs. And there are many: Bible studies, 12-Step programs, small groups, prayer meetings, discussion groups and the area's only after-school tutoring program for children affected by homelessness. After Tony's talk he begins the night with a performance of his own. Then others begin to take the stage.

SPRING WEEK 6

MAY 1-5, 2006

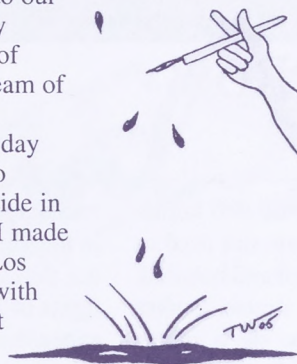
"LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR
AS YOURSELF."
CAN YOU SEE THE
RESEMBLENCE?

continued on page 9

Anyone who knows me well could verify my passion for fashion. It's more like an obsession. Every month I scour the fashion magazines in search of the latest trends and styles. So you can only imagine my delight when, last year, I was invited on a trip to L.A.'s fashion district. I had heard rumors that such a place existed but nobody ever seemed to know where it was or when it was open.

In the days leading up to our trip, I couldn't contain my excitement. Some dream of dancing sugarplums, I dream of dangling accessories.

Like all big events, the day arrived too slowly and too quickly. With Thomas Guide in hand, my girlfriends and I made our way into downtown Los Angeles. We were silent with anticipation, knowing that we were about to see what other girls only dream about.



Oh, the stories we would tell!

My visions of paisley and plaid came tumbling down as we crept closer to the fashion district. There, where I expected to find infinitesimal racks of the latest clothing trends, I found person after person barely clothed to accommodate the weather. Sure, there were plenty of stores to browse and feed my obsession. But suddenly I felt like I had set up a feasting table for one in the streets of Ethiopia. My insatiable appetite for clothing seemed to mock the hungry stomachs of the homeless population in front of me.

I went home without buying a thing. Oh, the story I had to tell...

~Michelle Harwell
SEMI Editor

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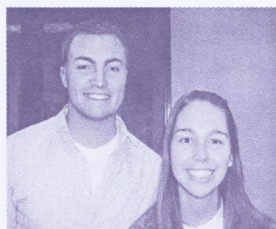
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Announcements: Notices may be submitted to semi-ads@dept.fuller.edu or dropped off at the SEMI Office on the 2nd floor of Kreysler Hall above the Catalyst. They must be submitted by the deadlines printed below and not exceed 35 words.

Advertisements: Notices for events not directly sponsored by a Fuller department, office, or organization will be printed in the "Ads" section and charged per word. All requests should be made through the ads coordinator.

Submission	Deadline
Spring Week 8	May 1
Spring Week 9	May 8

A MATTER OF PERSPECTIVE

By Mark Baker-Wright

While searching for an apartment a few years ago, my wife commented that trying to find housing in Southern California is like being thrown into the Total Perspective Vortex.

Readers of Douglas Adams' *Hitchhiker's Guide* trilogy (which is actually five books, but that's another matter) will be familiar

"Affordable" rent is defined as requiring "not more than 30 percent of an income." The average rent in Pasadena is \$1209 per month for a 2-bedroom apartment. This means that, if a husband and wife both work 40 hours a week, each spouse would need a job paying approximately \$11 an hour to "afford" their rent.

with the concept of the "Total Perspective Vortex." A person thrown into the Total Perspective Vortex sees the "unimaginable infinity of creation" in a single moment. Somewhere within that infinity, on "a microscopic dot on a microscopic dot," is a marker reading "you are here."

While looking for a place to live doesn't quite allow one to see the entire universe, one does tend to travel many miles endlessly, seeing cities and suburbs previously unseen. And while there's no "you are here" sign, talking to multiple landlords only to find that they don't have anything

to offer you ("we don't accept pets," "that apartment has already been rented," the place is too small, or too run-down, or too expensive) does lead one to ponder the meaninglessness of one's existence in the grander scheme of things.

In Adams' book, a person who experienced the Total Perspective Vortex (and survived) was driven insane.

Why is looking for housing in Southern California such a highway to madness? One reason might be the high cost of living in this area. "Affordable" rent is generally defined as requiring "not more than 30 percent of an income." The average rent in Pasadena is \$1209 per month for a 2-bedroom apartment. Doing the math, this means that, if a husband and wife both work 40 hours a week, each spouse would need a job paying approximately \$11 an hour to "afford" their rent.

The current minimum wage in California is \$6.75 an hour. Needless to say, there are lots of people who don't earn enough to meet the standards for affordable housing. I consider myself fortunate to have a fairly stable job here at Fuller. Since my wife is a student, she does not work full-time, and although we do get student financial assistance, we find ourselves constantly struggling to avoid going into debt. We don't have any kids, and so only have to worry about paying for ourselves. What about the person or family that doesn't have such job security, and has several children to raise? It is easy to see how a twist of fate could send a family already in such a precarious position into utter destitution.

Clearly, this story is all too common in Pasadena. One can't walk downtown for any length of time without seeing someone who is homeless, having to beg for whatever money generous people are willing to spare, just so they can eat. Each of these people has their own story. It's far too easy to say that such people made poor life decisions, and that this is why they're currently on the streets. There are plenty of people

out there who are "playing by the rules," so



DON'T PANIC

"Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy"



to speak, who still find themselves unable to make ends meet.

What does God have to say about this? Surely God does not intend for us to feel that our existence is meaningless as we face the harsh realities of our

world. Acts 4:32-37 shows how the early Christians cared for each other. This is a pattern for us, as well, though our individual responsibilities may differ according to our own gifts and abilities. Some may volunteer at a homeless shelter. Others may donate material resources. Others may advocate for social policies that aid those in need.

My wife and I have considered ourselves blessed to have been able to find housing when we've needed it, and to have had the help of friends during those transitional times. This is not true for everyone. God calls Christians to help those who are in poverty. Our perspective may never be total (thank goodness!), but hopefully the blessings we have been given may grant us some perspective on God's call to help those whom we come across in our little corner of the universe.

Mark is Assistant to the Faculty and Dean's Office in the School of Theology. He regularly ponders the question of life, the universe, and everything at <http://transformingseminarian.blogspot.com>.



RESOURCES

Want to get involved? Check out the following organizations:

Union Station Foundation:

Union Station Foundation, located in Pasadena, California, is the San Gabriel Valley's largest private agency serving the poor and homeless. Union Station offers emergency and transitional housing for individuals and families, hot meals, career development, job placement, health care, case management services and substance abuse recovery support.
www.unionstationfoundation.org
240.4550

My Friend's Place:

Founded in 1988, My Friend's Place is a nonprofit Resource Center offering a comprehensive continuum of care that includes free emergency resources such as food and clothing in combination with health, educational, and therapeutic services to over 1,000 homeless youth and their children each year.
www.myfriendsplace.org

Elizabeth House:

Elizabeth House is a shelter for homeless women and their children. Located in Pasadena, California, Elizabeth House provides a safe home, support and hope for women who find themselves pregnant and in a time of crisis.
www.elizabethhouse.net
577.4434

DID YOU KNOW?

- LA County has homeless population of roughly 90,000
- 11,000 or over 1/9 of that population live downtown in one square-mile known as Skid Row.
- The city of Los Angeles currently has a plan to spend \$12 billion over the next ten years to relocate the homeless population of Skid Row to the 87 cities in the metro area. Both shelters and services are to be provided in the move.

Information provided by NPR "Moving L.A.'s Homeless Away from Skid Row" by Ina Jaffe

LESSONS FROM A FORMER CO-DEPENDENT

By Rabbi Stuart Dauermann

It is perhaps comforting and no doubt misleading to speak of the homeless in the abstract. I am writing this as a person with some experience in the matter, although not as much as some in our community, I would imagine. What I would like to point out is what might be called "the underbelly" of caring for the homeless. I am not offering any theories or solutions, I simply want to point out some realities.

In the mid 1960s, when I had my first apartment (I was a school teacher in New York), I went and visited a friend who was an organist at the Bowery Mission. While there, I met a man who presented himself as a 37 year-old who was leaving in the mission. He wondered if I would put him up for a few weeks while he "got on his feet." I agreed.

Those few weeks became a year and a half, during which time Jay was never sober for longer than six weeks, and even that long was a miracle. He was a waiter by profession, and routinely took whatever money he made, invested it in wine, and ended up back on the Bowery. More times than I can count I would get a phone call from him in the dead of night asking to come pick him up, or weepingly pleading for another chance, which I inevitably gave him. But the disruption of my life was total. Numerous times he showed up at the office of the school where I taught asking me for money, reeking of wine and body odor. He went in and out of AA, and in his self-delusion said he could stop drinking whenever he wanted to. I spent money to fly him to a Christian program for alcoholics in Nebraska, to no avail.

Eventually I came to see the horrible truth: Jay needed me to bail him out, but I

needed to be needed. This relationship was not as nobly Christian as I imagined. The term was not used then, but if anything was co-dependent, it was our relationship. I told him, "Jay, the next time you drink, you're out." And so it was.

We got him an apartment next door to the fantastic house church where both of us attended. He was dry, he was employed, he was well supported by a caring fellowship. And within a year and a half he was dead.

Joey is another street person I took in. He was in his twenties and lied to me that he was from Haiti. Jay spotted him as a fellow Canadian. Joey was only with me a couple of weeks, long enough for his girlfriend to put her foot through my stereo.

What all of this means is that altruism has a price tag, and often there is nothing gained and much lost. Do not be deceived.

Beverly Hills, where my congregation is located, has many street people. I have learned not to give money to these people. Why? First of all, they almost always lie to you. Second, if you give money, the word goes out on the street, and next week there are more people at your door. Somehow I feel less than enthusiastic about giving my personal funds (and I have given hundreds of dollars) to people who prove to be lying, working the system, and often, treating the gullible people of God with contempt. Many street people I have met made a living on the street scamming whomever they can as a way of life. I have completely lost confidence in my ability to detect who is telling the truth. I have been lied to too many times.

Are all street people cynical bald-faced liars? No. But more are than you would ever guess (I have more stories, by the way!) Don't make the mistake I have too often made: don't confuse your need to be needed with your ability to help. Sometimes you just cannot. There is one Savior, and it is not you.

Rabbi Stuart says he has been here as long as some of the trees. He began his Master's in '89, and was awarded a PhD in '04 (that's three separate decades, folks). He will be teaching a course on Messianic Jewish Spirituality this summer.



WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT

By Sophie Marian Draffin

As I walked by the bookstore late on a Monday afternoon, I was on a mission. My Tuesday morning final was rapidly approaching and I was drastically unprepared. I walked briskly to meet a friend in order to study; I had very little time and



welcomed no distraction. When a woman stopped me to ask me a question, I was extremely annoyed.

"Do you go to school here?" she asked.

"Yes, I do," I said, in a very abrupt manner.

"Do you have to be a Christian to go here?"

"Yes, you do," I said a little less abruptly, as my curiosity began to rise.

"What do you have to do to become a Christian?" she asked.

Immediately I felt humbled. I had been so focused on my test, on doing well, that I had almost missed an opportunity to share

the love of Christ with someone. Suddenly studying for my test did not seem as pressing.

As we talked, I was able to share the basics of the Christian message. I shared about the sacrifice of Christ, the love of God, and other essentials of the Christian faith. As I shared about the Christian faith, this woman shared that she was homeless. On that day it was not as obvious; she had been given the luxury of being able to shower, and had enough money to buy a simple meal. On that day she was able to blend in.

As we talked, it also became clear that she knew scripture. She could quote verses, and she could also reference major Christian ideas. She understood the major tenets of Christianity. As I listened to her reference scripture, my curiosity increased substantially. Why the questions about Christianity if she understood the essence of the faith?

She continued to ask me questions, but this time focused on the idea of evangelism.

"Aren't Christians supposed to share the love of Christ with others?" she asked.

I affirmed that what she said was true. I explained that Christians should testify to the Lord, and actively share the love of

Christ with others. The expression of curiosity on her face quickly turned to a look of sadness as she asked, "If everyone that goes to school here is a Christian, how come no one ever says hi to me?"

This woman understood scripture, but she could not wrap her mind around the idea that we proclaimed to be about spreading the love of Christ and yet ignored her very existence. She could not accept this religion that seemed so hypocritical.

I do not know how many times I had previously walked passed that woman. In truth, I walk past different homeless people on a daily basis, and rarely do I ever stop or do more than smile. I am thankful for the woman I met at Coffee by the Books; she taught me a great deal about my faith and what it means to be a Christian. She also taught me to be aware of those in my midst, those who are looking to us for a Christian example.

Sophie (3rd year MDiv). Having spent last weekend in Houston, Sophie now has a renewed appreciation for Southern Cal and the lack of humidity here.



SINCE GRADUATING FROM FULLER...

By Jennifer Hicks

It is ironic, the timing of being asked to write an article about my life since graduating from Fuller in December 2003: just today I ran into one of the first people I met during Fuller's orientation in September 2001, in, of all places, L.A.'s skid row. Me being in skid row wasn't that unusual, as I have worked there for a year in a Christian non-profit community outreach which serves homeless children and families, but my former schoolmate's presence was markedly rare. And for those of you maybe just beginning your journey at Fuller, you can rest assured the Fuller alumnus in question is not now homeless, but is in the same chaplaincy group with a co-worker of mine. The chance meeting did give me a very good frame for the premise of this

article—"what have I been doing since earning a MAT from Fuller?"—or as I sometimes ask myself: "how did I end up in skid row?"

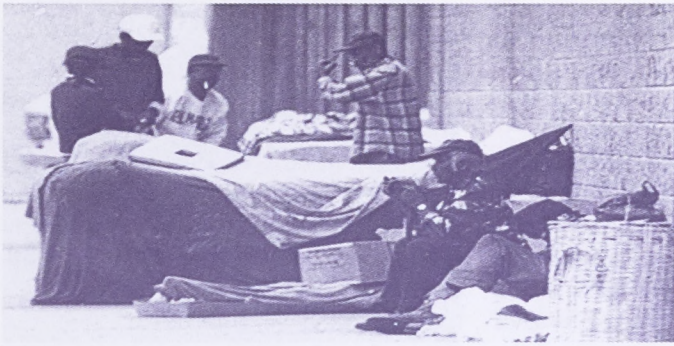
I suppose the journey began in college on a short-term missions trip to inner city Los Angeles that included staying in what is known as a skid row hotel under the guise of a small dose of incarnational ministry. The deplorable conditions—many people's reality—were not easily forgotten. In fact, I continued to be haunted by the plight of the urban poor throughout college both in my studies and varied urban missions work.

You might expect I came to Fuller and immersed myself in the world of social justice or at the very least took some urban

studies classes. The opposite is truer; in fact I suspect Dr. Stassen gulped whenever I raised my hand in his class as I brazenly disregarded most everything as smacking of condescension. But my conviction that proclaiming the gospel means joining other people in their pain—incarnational ministry—was reinforced in the most unlikely of places, Dr. Goldingay's classes. Somewhere between OT writings, prophets, Psalms and his own often-tearful accounts of his life, the power of the dialogue of the faithful became a passion of mine.

We need to listen to one another's laments and lament on behalf of those who don't have the language to do it for them-

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ARE WE ENTITLED

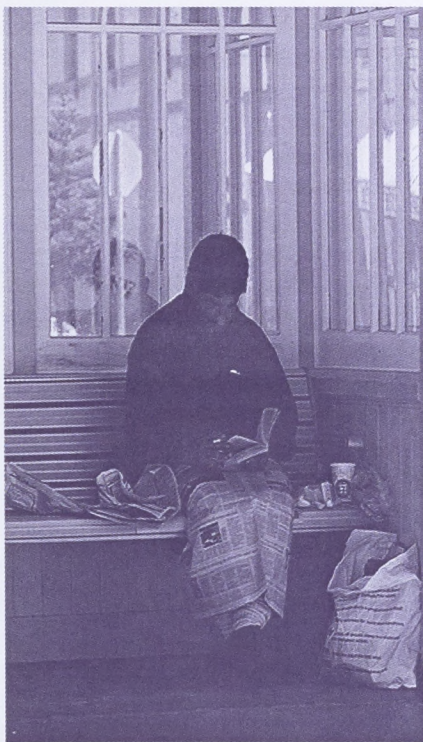
By Byrd

If you have been attending Fuller for more than, oh, say a week, you have invariably been approached by someone asking for spare change. You may have grown up with this as a common occurrence. You may already know how to handle this potentially

uncomfortable situation with ease. Or being approached for money may be relatively new to your experience. Being approached by a complete stranger, even in the middle of the day with a lot of people around, is always inconvenient and can be terrifying. If you're anything like me, when confronted with such a situation you wonder what the money is really for, why this stranger has to beg in the first place, and how much good it will do him or her to facilitate and enable their dependency upon handouts. You wonder if there is an ulterior motive at work in order to disable and/or deceive you. All of this runs through your mind in about .8 seconds.

And Fuller shares all these concerns. While not having an official policy on pan-

handlers, anyone asking for money is considered solicitation, which is prohibited on campus. If security personnel see someone trying to sell a painting, or trying to scalp tickets, or asking for spare change, they will be asked to leave. Or, as is often the case, students, staff and faculty, who are approached by someone asking for money, will call security in order to have that person removed from campus. Outsiders have tried to sleep on campus, keep their few belongings hidden in bushes, vandalize cars, disturb the peace, and steal from the library. At least one Fuller student, in their attempt to help, has had their entire bank account wiped out. Safety and perceived safety are real and valid concerns.



"Was it simply part of the risk to help the half-dead traveler in spite of the Samaritan's fear? In this way the Samaritan's aid is not only an act of compassion but also of bravery."





ED TO SAFETY?

Byrd

If you are reading this as a Fuller student, you are probably a bright person. God has blessed you with an exceptional mind. As such, it is not my intent to insult your intelligence. I am sure you already know the parable of the Good Samaritan. I would just like to urge you to look at Luke 10:29-37

one more time with the issue of safety and perceived safety in mind. As a parable the situation for the Samaritan who decides to help the victim who has been left for dead is relatively tame. But if and when this situation actually happens, the Samaritan's perception is much more limited. Hearing the story we are told that the one who appears to be a victim is in fact such. Living the story we know nothing about what happens before we arrive. Under the same circumstances, we could easily perceive a deceptive trap (as perhaps did the priest and Levite). Did the Samaritan only offer assistance because he did not consider this possibility? Or was it instead simply part of the risk to help the half-dead traveler in spite of the Samaritan's fear? In this way the Samaritan's aid is not only an act of compassion but also of bravery.

A lawyer is told by Jesus that our greatest commandment, in addition to loving God with all our hearts, souls and minds, is to

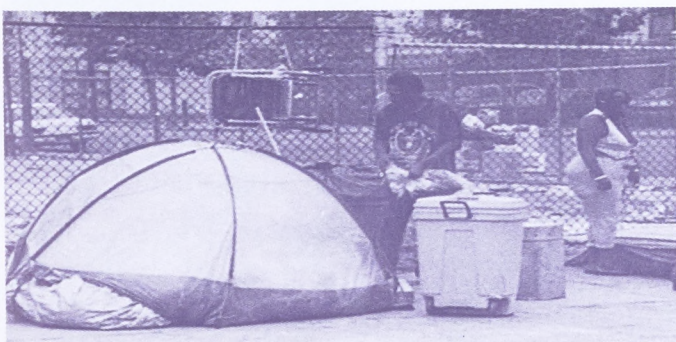
love our neighbor as ourselves (Matt 22:34-40). And the parable of the Good Samaritan is Jesus' answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" In regards to the treatment of those coming on campus in order to ask for money, I am not seeking to find fault or assign blame to either Fuller's administration or you as a student. I am seeking to provide additional considerations that I feel must be included in developing a response to this issue as followers of Jesus.

I urge you to dialogue with others about this issue. And talk to the panhandlers themselves. Nothing dispels the fear of the unknown (person) like context. You'll meet people like Randy, who used to work in the music business, still has the hair to prove it, and will sing to you his most recently written (horrible) metal song. Or maybe you've already met Ricardo, who is skinny as a rail, always smells great and talks faster than I can think. If you walk by the church on the edge of campus you may see Kena sitting on the steps and won't know she lives on the street unless you talk to her, but if you do talk to her, stick around to hear her sing (and you'll make her day if you bring Cheetos). If you walk north from campus, you may see Thomas (he's often at the bus stop at Los Robles and Villa) who looks like Santa

Claus on Atkins and may have started the hippie movement. Or east of campus you may run into "King" David, a.k.a. "Hollywood," who just last night tried to convince me the plastic case he was holding was an AK-47.

My challenge is not to offer answers but to raise questions that I would be willing to bet you have already thought about anyway. This is a difficult issue for anyone—for believers it is even more so. At least as far as safety is concerned, however, I looked and looked and can't find a single scriptural passage telling me that as a believer I am entitled to be and feel safe. What I find instead are passages that challenge me on a daily basis. "Give to everyone who begs from you, and do not refuse anyone who wants to borrow from you" (Matt 5:42). But certainly "everyone" doesn't really mean everyone, right?

Jonas is a second year MAT Biblical Studies student who plans to graduate this spring.



FLOODS, FAMINE AND HEIDI

By Carla Brewington

When I first met Heidi Baker in Hong Kong almost 20 years ago, we were stuck in a small elevator noisily clunking and climbing to the umpteenth floor of a filthy building where she held "church." It was a place where the forgotten ones could come



and find Jesus. Heidi and her husband Rolland and another friend were trying to plant a church in the chaos of Hong Kong's poor. Her story goes something like this...

Soon after becoming a Christian, she opened up a coffeehouse and began preaching the gospel, ministering to addicts, the homeless and the demonized.

After twelve years working in Asia, Heidi and Rolland went to England to study for their PhDs. By day they went to class, by night they fed the homeless. Not long after, they learned that Mozambique was the poorest country in the world. The poor were everywhere; abandoned children could be found on every street. That was all she needed to hear.

In 1995, Heidi and Rolland moved to Mozambique. The testing grew in intensity! There were government threats, beatings, and even contracts taken out on Heidi's life. Heidi would go to the city dump and bring the abandoned children home. Heidi found them and God touched them with his love and his power.

Caring for hundreds of children was exhausting and Heidi was depleted. Hearing that renewal had broken out in Toronto, she was determined to get there. She had pneumonia and no money, but she was resolute. "We were ready to give up," Heidi says. "Then God blasted us, and he showed us his heart and his face." Heidi tells it this way, "In Toronto, I was completely cooked, slammed and smushed. I felt powerful electricity all over my body. I'm hearing God say, 'Hundreds of church-

es' and it's the funniest thing I have ever heard. It took us 17 years to plant three churches and two of them weren't doing that well."

Night after night she received prayer and was soaked in his presence. One night she felt she was groaning in intercession for the children of Mozambique. There were thousands of them coming towards her and she cried, "No, Lord, there are too many!" And she felt Jesus say, "Look into my eyes. Give them something to eat." Then he took a piece of his broken body and it became bread, and she gave it to the children. Then again the Lord said, "Look into my eyes. Give them something to eat." He gave her a cup of the blood and the water that flowed from his side, and she gave this to the children. The Lord spoke to her and said, "There will always be enough bread and drink, because I paid the price with my life. Don't be afraid. Only believe." She returned to Mozambique healed and strengthened.

After they returned to Africa, the intensity increased; Heidi was hospitalized several times and was almost killed in a highjack attempt. They lost most of their financial support and became homeless. Then Heidi was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis. God told her to rejoice in her suffering and keep on going.

Then the floods came and along with it, utter devastation. But through it all the Presence of God was strong. Refugees who were found on the tops of trees as the floods whipped by, skipped the opportunity for food and shelter in order to be prayed for. They were cold, wet and had not eaten for days but they literally ran for prayer. Hungry for God, he fed them with himself.

Since the floods thousands of churches have been planted in Mozambique and in the surrounding countries. People are touched by the power of God and then run out to tell everyone. "There's nothing God cannot do, Heidi says. But I tell you it has cost us everything. God's looking for perseverance—not one-night stands where he blesses and shakes you, and then you go out and commit adultery with the world."

"The Lord has given me a life message.

he said, 'Heidi, revival has a face. You have to see the face.' So, he took me to a nation where I knew nothing. He sat me down with the poor. In three days, I ran out of food. And God told me never to ask for anything. He said to love the poor, take in the dying children." It was when she had



nothing that God began to move.

Heidi has strong words about what is coming in America. "You have not seen many miracles of multiplication and healing. But it's in the devastation that you see the great power of God. In horrific times, revival comes. The revival in Mozambique came in the midst of great floods. Church growth is coming in the midst of famine. I believe America is going to see great persecution; a great falling away, but there will be great revival as well." The question begs to be asked. Are we ready for persecution in this country? Do we really believe that Jesus is enough?

Years ago in Ladakh, known as old Tibet. Being led by the Holy Spirit, Carla stumbled onto Tibetan nomad camp. Fell in love with the donkey...



KARAOKE continued from page 1

There's no such thing as a solo performance in this place. Everyone sings along or shouts their encouragement. The skill level varies. Some performers are tone deaf. Others should be cutting CDs. But no matter the talent the crowd hoots its affirmation.

Midway through the show I make my way over to Tony the Pastor, who greets me exactly as he greets all his parishioners, with a two fist handshake and a tug that almost lands you in his arms. We raise our voices to communicate above the music. By the end of my interview, I'm shouting. I learn that Tony is no stranger to the streets. He pushed a cart through the neighborhood for two years himself, before conquering his drug addiction. I know now why he likes to preach about second chances.

Tony sees the Karaoke night as a vehicle to help people in the area. "Many of the homeless won't come for church," Tony tells me. "But they come for Karaoke. When they walk through our door we have the chance to meet them. We can get our hands on them...and connect with them." The ultimate goal of building relationships is restoration. "We want to give them the tools to turn their lives around. We want to see them get off the streets," he says.

Later I talk with the ministry's Executive Director Grady D. Martine who talks about the ministry's philosophy and about the hidden abilities the homeless possess. "The people of Skid Row are very talented," he says. "The Karaoke night gives them an opportunity to showcase that talent." It might be difficult to see how such an opportunity can help them face the momentous challenges of street life, but Martine sees a direct connection. "Performing builds self-esteem and reminds them that they can accomplish things and that they are capable."

After the interview with Tony I take my seat and witness some of that talent. Four elderly black gentlemen take the stage and, judging from the excitement of the crowd, I can tell that they've done this before. Their voices are low and full of gravel. "There's been hard moments, if anyone should write my life story, for whatever reason there might be..."

They croon swaying and snapping their fingers through the song. The group treats the crowd to an encore before passing the

microphone over to a young attractive woman who sings an R. Kelly pop ditty, "I Believe I Can Fly." I have heard the song before, yet in this context, the words came alive like never before. Somehow the destitution just outside gives the song extra poignancy:

*I used to think that I could not go on.
And life was nothing but an awful song.
But now I know the meaning of true love.
I'm leaning on the everlasting arms.*

Her voice is powerful. She pauses before launching into the chorus. "I believe I can fly." Throughout the room eyes pinch shut and hands begin to rise. "I believe I can touch the sky. I think about it every night and day. Spread my wings and fly away." I look out across the audience. This isn't a concert anymore, I think to myself. This is a worship service.

Midway through the show, Tony gives an impromptu alter call. "If you need prayer tonight, I want you to join me at the back." A few people slip out of their chairs, but Tony isn't satisfied. He spots other subjects in need of prayer. Their reluctance is no obstacle for Tony who pulls them right out of their chairs and playfully coaxes them to the back where a small team of ministry staff and volunteers encircle each person for a time of spirited petition.

As the prayer intermission wraps up, the performances resume. The next singer is breathtaking—a veritable Whitney Houston—perfect pitch and soaring range. She sings every verse of the song and keeps going, improvising words, dazzling the crowd with her vocal gymnastics. As the song concludes she wanders from the teleprompter and paces back and forth in front of the crowd.

"He's helped me. Jesus, yes, he has. I don't know what you're going through. But I want to encourage you—he went through it too. Don't give up don't give in. With Jesus we can win."

On her last crescendo the crowd spontaneously surges forward and embraces her. Seamlessly the night's final number commences, with every man, woman and child singing and dancing.

I look down at my notepad unable to find words to describe this scene. White-hot joy doesn't translate easily into language, but it gives off a lot of heat. I can still feel it in my chest when the night has ended. And when I open the door to face the desperate

streets I leave a different person, knowing that tonight, the one ministered to was me.

Drew is a 2nd Year MAT (Theology and Biblical Studies) student. His empathy for the homeless has grown since he enrolled at Fuller. With the price of tuition and books, he may soon be homeless himself.



SINCE continued from page 5

selves. That is why I am in skid row, to lament for the children and families living there. With an almost naïve romanticism, I had hoped to come to skid row to proclaim the message of Isaiah 61, believing I could bind up the brokenhearted. But in the last year, I found myself the brokenhearted one in need of the good news of the gospel, haunted by Jesus' seemingly callous declaration that the poor will always be with us. However, on a good day, I have the courage to wipe away the ashes and say, "the steadfast love of the Lord never ceases" with growing credibility and a fresh understanding of precisely how those mercies are new.

In the year I have worked in skid row my "job" has included an array of tasks but centers on five and six-year-old homeless children. On a daily basis, I teach in an after school program, S.A.Y. Yes!, part of Central City Community Outreach. We are a holistic, relationally based ministry, so my "work" is more than teaching little kids to read but is instead to serve and care for their entire family. Often, I find myself in one of the skid row hotels where many of my students live, and although I have no plans to move in, I have relished those times when families have invited me into their tiny one-room space to talk about life, share some soda and just be present with one another.

Besides having great hair, Jennifer is graduate of Fuller's MAT program. She works as the director of SAY Yes! in downtown L.A.





Evangelicalism and HIV/AIDS

Tue, May 2, 7pm, Payton

Dr. Stephanie Smith and panel will discuss the role of evangelical churches in addressing HIV/AIDS internationally.

Dual Degree Information Session

Thur, May 4, 1-3, Geneva Room

Staff members from SIS Advising and Hope International University (HIU) will be available for individual student questions and advising. Dual degrees are available with HIU's MBA in International Development and MBA in Nonprofit Management. Refreshments provided.

Film and Discussion

Thur, May 4, 7pm, Payton 302

All are welcome to come and watch *Children of Heaven*. PhD student in the theology of film, Tony Mills, will host discussion following the film.

Friday Night Music

Fri, May 5, 7pm, Coffee by the Books/Fuller Bookstore

The hotness himself, Drew Girton will cause all the ladies to stumble with his smooth guitar.

2006 Payton Lectures

May 10-11, 10-12, Travis Auditorium

SOT is pleased to host Katharine Doob Sakenfeld, William Albright Eisenberger Professor of Old Testament at Princeton Theological Seminary, as the featured lecturer for the '06 Payton Lectures. This year's theme is "Reading Scripture from Different Worlds: Old Testament Narratives as Read by Women of Post-Colonial and First World Societies." Dr. Sakenfeld will give two public lectures, the first entitled, "Revisiting Ruth" and the second entitled, "Jael and Esther." For more info visit Campus Pipeline or email theology@fuller.edu.

Installation of John L. Thompson as Chair of Reformed Theology

Tue, May 23, 10-11, First Congregational Church

Dr. John L. Thompson, Professor of Historical Theology and Gaylen and Susan Byker Professor of Reformed Theology, will give his installation lecture entitled, "I Hate Those Who Hate You, O Lord, . . . with Perfect Hatred" (Psalm 139) *How the Psalter Taught the Fathers and Reformers to Curse—or Not*. This event is open to the public and no reservation is required. Reception following. For more information contact the SOT Dean's Office at 584.5300, or email theology@fuller.edu.

AIDS Orphans

Fri, May 26, 12pm, Travis Auditorium

Dr. Stanley Mutunga, a professor at Hope International University, is working with an organization that serves children orphaned by AIDS in Africa will speak.

New Student Orientation CREW

A cool T-shirt, free food, fellowship, and fun! Join the 2006-2007 New Student Orientation CREW and receive all that and much more! For an application and more information, contact the Orientation Coordinator, Cassie McCarty, at 584.5435 or oss-office@dept.fuller.edu. Application deadline is May 5.

Last Call for Books

Beginning May 8, the Bookstore will begin pulling this quarter's books off the shelf to prepare for the upcoming summer quarter. If there are any books that you still need to purchase please make sure to do so by then.

Hospital Internship

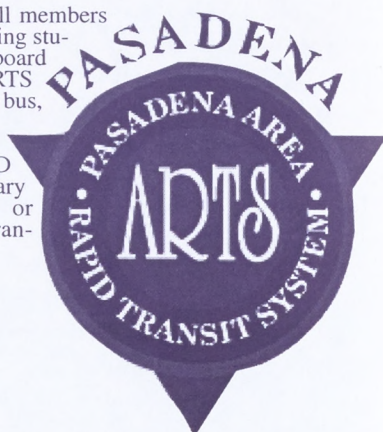
A 2-unit FE546 hospital chaplaincy internship is being offered at several hospitals in the LA area during the summer quarter. This course emphasizes spiritual care training in a hospital setting. Students will learn how to be present to a patient and/or their family during a crisis, as well as the preliminary steps in performing a spiritual care assessment. Before registering for the course, interns must be interviewed by the prospective hospital chaplain. Start the process early! Contact Holly in the Office of Field Education at 584.5387.

Hospice Internship

A 2-unit FE548 hospice chaplaincy internship is being offered in the LA area during the summer quarter. This course emphasizes spiritual care training in a hospice setting. Students will develop skills in visitation and spiritual assessment within home and health care facility contexts and reflect theologically about end of life issues. Before registering for the course, interns must be interviewed by the prospective hospice chaplain. Start the process early! Contact Holly in the Office of Field Education at 584.5387.

Free Bus Rides!

For the entire month of May, all members of the Fuller community, including students, faculty, and staff, can board any of the seven Pasadena ARTS buses at no cost. Board the bus, show your Fuller ID card, and enjoy the ride. For information on bus schedules or to get an ID for staff/faculty, contact Auxiliary Services at 584 5366/5440 or www.ci.pasadena.ca.us/trans/transit/ARTSRoute_Rev.asp.



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The Services section of the SEMI is for announcing services and events not offered by Fuller. Individuals are personally responsible for evaluating the quality and type of service before contracting or using it. The SEMI and Student Life and Services do not recommend or guarantee any of the services listed.

Services

Massage Therapy. Serving the Fuller community: Susan Young, nationally certified massage therapist. Affordable rates and close to Fuller campus. Massage is good self-care! Please call 296.3245.

Auto Repair. Engine repair, tune-ups, oil change, brakes, batteries, etc. Complete service. Hrant Auto Service. 1477 E. Washington Blvd, Pasadena. Call 798.4064 for an appointment.

Auto Collision Repair. 5 minutes from Fuller. Owned by family of Fuller graduate for 23 years. Discount! Columbia Auto Body. Call John: 323.258.0565. Located at 1567 Colorado Blvd.

Pasadena Tire. All major brands. New/used tires, alignment, brakes, struts/shocks. 1070 E. Walnut St. 795.7240. Mon-Fri 8-5:30, Sat-8-1.

J&G Auto Service. Complete auto repair. Brakes, tune-up, mufflers. Certified Smog Station. 1063 E. Walnut St. 793.0388. Mon-Fri 8-5:30.

Rings, Diamonds and Things! Walter Zimmer Co., is a wholesale jewelry manufacturing design and repair business founded in 1917 in downtown Los Angeles. Call Walter's son Mel, or his grandson, Ken, at 213.622.4510 for information. Because of our appreciation of Charles Fuller and the Seminary, we consider it a privilege to serve Fuller students. Mel is a longtime member of Glendale Presbyterian Church and is involved in prayer ministry there.

Psychology Research Problems Solved! Fuller SOP PhD alumnus with 20 years experience as a statistician for thesis and dissertation consultations. Worked on hundreds of projects. Teaches graduate research courses. Designing "survivable" research proposals a specialty. Methods chapter tune-ups. Survey development. Provides multivariate data analysis using SAS or SPSS. Statistical results explained in simple English! Assistance with statistical table creation and report write-up. Final orals defense preparation. Fuller community discounts. Call for free phone consultation. Tom Granoff, PhD. 310.640.8017. Email tgranoff@lmu.edu. Visa/Discover/ MasterCard/AMEX accepted.

Thinking of Buying or Selling a home or other real estate? Call Fuller alumnus David Tomberlin at Sun Coast Real Estate at 590.1311.

Sex Addiction. Therapy group for men recovering from sex addiction: facilitated by Sam Alibrando, PhD. For more information, please call 577.8303.

Interpersonal Therapy Group. For men and women interested in an intensive growth experience: facilitated by Sam Alibrando, PhD. For more information, please call 577.8303.



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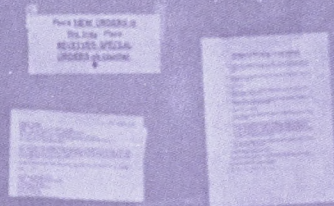
Corrections:

Recently, the SEMI has experienced several font problems with our printing. We thank you for your patience as we work to resolve this issue.

all-seminary chapel

Join us this week for All-Seminary Chapel on Wednesday, May 3rd at 10AM in Travis Auditorium with a special service: **Men and Women: Partners in the Gospel**. SOT Faculty, David Scholer will be speaking. His sermon is entitled "**Is He not a whole Saviour? Women and Men as Partners in the Gospel**". A personal reflection from Rev. Pati Toole, Fuller alum, will follow Dr. Scholer. Immediately following chapel a **Reflection and Response** time will be held in the SOP Student Lounge.

If Kevin Lewis likes it
Everyone will like it!!!



FRIDAY NIGHT MUSIC SERIES
AT COFFEE BY THE BOOKS

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